

Everyone's Feeling Warm and Bright

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Everyone's Feeling Warm and Bright by mangohaz

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Summary:

two friends find eachother on a hot, summers night, they dance in the moonlight, its got them in it's spotlight

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There was a year or so of friendship going between the pair before Bev discovered Richie's favourite pastime (bar irritating Eddie and ditching class to smoke round the back of the Gym building) and for all her luck it was the exact same as hers.

Bev had been stumbling around town without much of a purpose after her Father had drunkenly stumbled through the door and locked it behind him, leaving her stranded on the fire escape with Lesley from one floor down. She would knock but he'd ask where she'd been and by the time she'd weighed up her options there was no doubt in her mind that the liquor cabinet had been opened making the consequences of any answer she provided ten times worse. He obviously hadn't seen her on his way up, perhaps choosing to ignore the cloud of smoke that was gathering where the two girls were sitting on the railings with their backs to the wall of Lesley's apartment, believing that his *good little girl, my good little girl* would never be involved with a girl like Lesley from one floor down. But that was neither here nor there because Lesley got called inside by her mother. The girl, while not wanting to leave her friend stranded also fell to the call of the dinner awaiting her inside, smiling a pitiful smile in Bev's direction as she climbed back through her bathroom window.

So, Bev risked it, slipping back down the stairs and hopping on the bike that was stranded on the grass from earlier that day when Ben had invited her out to the Aladdin to sneak into 'When Harry Met Sally'. No one had wanted to see it with her, so Ben had agreed to go with her instead of the whole Losers Club taking the trip together. It had been nice but Ben had flushed when Sally had started making those... noises and had rushed to the toilet for a good 10 minutes until he obviously decided it was safe to return. He'd left almost immediately after, mumbling and stuttering his way through a goodbye then cycling off as fast as he could.

Bev was almost two miles off her house when she found herself on Richie's street by complete accident, or perhaps not, she knew his parents had 'gone away' for the week (meaning they'd gone for their

5th couples counselling trip this year) and as she cycled further down the street she found the livingroom to be occupied, the lights all on behind the curtains and the faint sound of music playing through the thin windows. Bev knew that Richie's little sister didn't cope well with her parents being gone even if it was hell when they were all there together, so she supposed the boy had kept all the lights on for her. Only when one shadow came into view, flinging itself around wildly from one side of the room to the other, slightly in time to the beat of '*Twist and Shout*' coming through his father's speaker system.

Bev couldn't help it, ditching her bike on the perfectly cut grass and bouncing up the steps to his front door. It was around 10 and she knew the little girl would probably be asleep, or at least trying, upstairs so decided against banging against the door as she would usually. Instead leaning over the fence on the porch to tap against the glass. The shadowy figure fell suddenly and Bev let out a gasp, only for it to jump back up and come hurtling toward the door.

Richie opened it with such force that the knob should have gone bouncing back against the wallpaper, creating a further mark in the already standing dent, only seconds before it reached the wall Richie realised his mistake and grabbed the thing before looking up and smiling at Beverly who couldn't help but stand and wring her fingers together, refusing to look up from her shoes and his socks – they had watermelons wearing sunglasses stitched on them.

Twist and Shout was still playing, “You comin’ in then?”

Bev didn't need asking twice, stepping through the threshold after Richie turned back on himself as she sat on the first step of the squeaking staircase to take off her shoes in the immaculate house while he watched her, obviously curious as to why she was there while perhaps already being far too aware. He hurried over to the stereo once she'd finished, in attempts to turn off the still blaring music only to be stopped by a quick and gentle, “No, Richie” that Bev didn't seem to know she'd said until she'd said it. The white sofas had been pushed all the way back, the antique looking carpet from the dining room had been dragged into the living room and clashed with the plush one his mother had brought to match the sofas. Bev noticed that the armchair that no one was allowed to sit in on the rare occasion they were allowed to be in the Tozier household for an

extended period of time was still sitting in the same place, Richie obviously too scared to move his Father's chair an inch out of place even while turning the rest of the room upside down.

She surveyed for a minute or so after her outburst, resolutely not meeting his eyes while he continued to glare her down, Twist and Shout seemed to have repeated itself, "So. You dance, Tozier? Never took you for a Swayze fan but I guess you are full of surprises." Richie let out a dry laugh to match her same dry tone before swinging one arm out towards her, "Dare to find out!" In his best circus master voice.

Bev couldn't help it, the elure of dancing with someone with no ill intent proving too much, reaching out to grasp his hand only to be immediately swung around in a circle by the boy who'd grown nearly a foot over the just ending summer, now towering above her with gangly arms and legs. They continued to spin, picking up a rhythm between themselves and *The Beatles* as they danced together around the perimeter of the carpets as they were pushed together. Richie couldn't help but let out a clapping laugh at the situation he'd found himself in, dancing his best friends *kinda-sorta* girlfriend around his living room at stupid o'clock in the morning, Bev, not really knowing what was so funny apart from the situation they found themselves in – breathless as *Twist and Shout* started up again neither were keen on stopping anytime soon – began to laugh as well, joyous in a way she hadn't been in a long time, not years and years, innocent, silly, happiness that felt palpable between them, like they were covered in a cloud of sunny yellow so that no one could see them just the happiness they omitted. She felt as though if her and Richie had just danced like this in front of It last summer they wouldn't have had any of the problems that they did. They were grinning. Gummy, toothy, spitty grins like the smile of an infant, staring at eachother as they continued to *spin and spin and spin*, joyful in one another's (if slightly unexpected) presence. The song ended again and Richie dropped to the floor, the weight of his fall dragging Bev down seconds later so she flopped on top of him, both of them breathing heavily, Richie on his back and Bev, now flopped onto the shag carpet, on her front.

"God, where's Eds when you need 'im, ey?" Beverly had cackled

again in the careless sort of way when you're just *happy happy happy* and so free in a childlike way where nothing has hurt you before.

"Don't call him that." Richie'd joined her, both of them huffing and puffing away with smiles etched across their faces.

Bev's guard was down, "Hey, Richie?"

He still stared at the ceiling, chest rising and falling heavily, "Yeah?"

She smiled slightly to herself more than anything, "I'm glad my bike brought me to your door."

His head twitched, finally looking down at her and giving himself a double chin in the process which made her smile crack across her face again, "Me too."

Author's Note:

bit of explaining, i think i read in a fever dream that Richie had a sister? who knows not me bitch! this is basically me trying to write something that isn't mourning (basically the only thing i can write) so i hope it isn't too bad n that someone enjoys it! the second chapter might be a lapse into old habits tho